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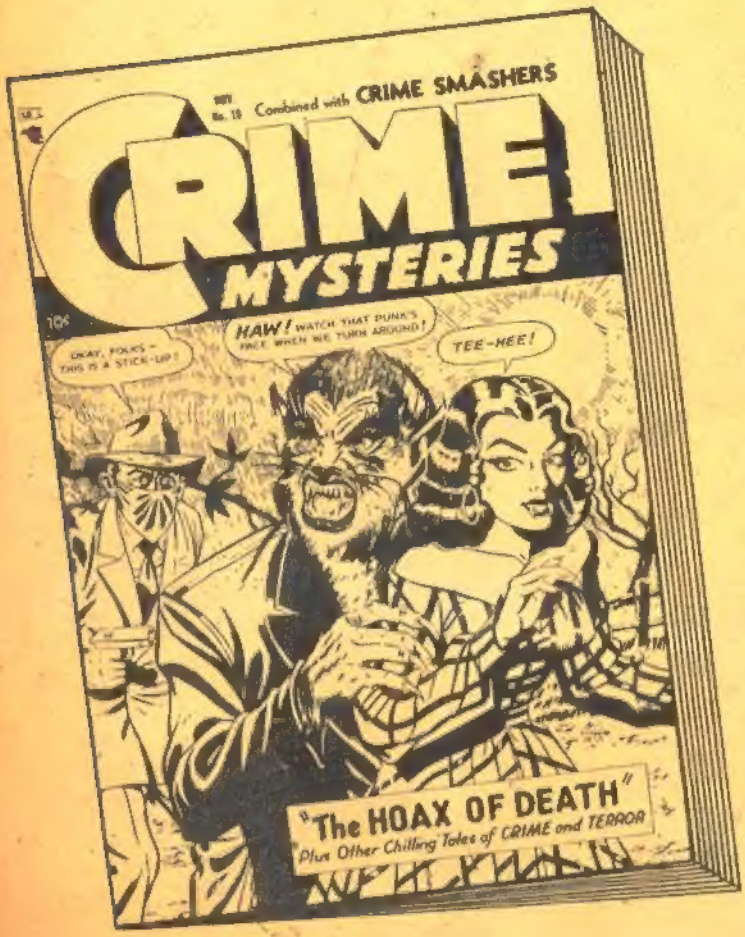

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"HELLO, FOLKS - LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF... I'M THE NAMELESS ONE. HEH! HEH! THAT'S THE ONLY MONIKER I HAVE. DRAW UP YOUR CHAIRS WHILE I TELL YOU A CHARMING LITTLE STORY. YOU ALL LOVE SOFT, CUSHY LIVING BUT THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM! JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU HAVE THINGS GOING THE WAY YOU WANT, YOU MAY BE IN FOR A NASTY SURPRISE. BEWARE, FRIENDS, IF YOU'RE LEADING...
"THE LIFE OF RILEY"
"MY TALE BEGINS IN AN EAST COAST CITY WHERE A GANG OF ROBBERS PULLED A DARING BANK HOLD-UP BUT THE POLICE WERE SOON ON THE SCENE AND BULLETS FLEW THICK AND FAST AS THE THIEVES TRIED TO SHOOT THEIR WAY OUT...
MINKOW
FAPS

ONE ROBBER MANAGED TO REACH THE GETAWAY CAR BUT AS HE HANDED IN THE SATCHEL OF STOLEN MONEY, A COP'S SLUG ENDED HIS EARTHLY CAREER...
AAAG-GH!

RILEY, THE DRIVER OF THE CAR, WAITED NO LONGER. HE SPED OFF...
THE BOYS ARE FINISHED. I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE, BUT FAST! AT LEAST I GOT SOME OF THE DOUGH...

RILEY MIRACULOUSLY GOT AWAY AND REACHED THE HIDEOUT OF A TOUGH UNDERWORLD CHARACTER KNOWN AS "GASHOUSE MAME"...

I'M THE ONLY ONE THAT GOT AWAY, WITH SIXTY GRAND IN THIS SATCHEL. NOW I GOTTA GET OUTA THE COUNTRY.

I CAN HANDLE IT FOR YOU — FOR THIRTY GRAND.

HEY, THAT'S HALF OF ALL I GOT!

MAME DON'T OPERATE FOR PEANUTS. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

ALL RIGHT, YOU ROBBER. YOU WIN.

MY FRIEND "THE DUCHESS" WILL GET YOU AWAY TO SOUTH AMERICA. ONCE SHE TAKES CHARGE, THE F.B.I. WILL NEVER PICK UP YOUR TRAIL. NOW HAND OVER MY SHARE AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE DIRECTIONS.

SO, ABOUT TWO WEEKS LATER, AFTER BEING SECRETLY SHUNTED FROM HIDEOUT TO HIDEOUT, WE FIND RILEY BUMPING ALONG A SWAMPY ROAD SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE LONELY, SILENT FLORIDA EVERGLADES...

THIS PLACE SURE IS SPOOKY. THE JOINT I'M HEADED FOR CAN'T BE FAR AWAY —

THERE'S THE ONLY HOUSE I'VE SEEN IN TWENTY MILES. THAT MUST BE THE PLACE —

THREE PEOPLE EMERGED WHEN THE FUGITIVE DREW UP BEFORE THE RAMSHACKLE STRUCTURE...

THIS SURE IS A HOLE! HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO STAY HERE LONG.

HELLO, MR. RILEY. WELCOME TO "HOODS' HAVEN". WE HAVE BEEN EAGERLY EXPECTING YOU. I'M YOUR HOSTESS — "THE DUCHESS."

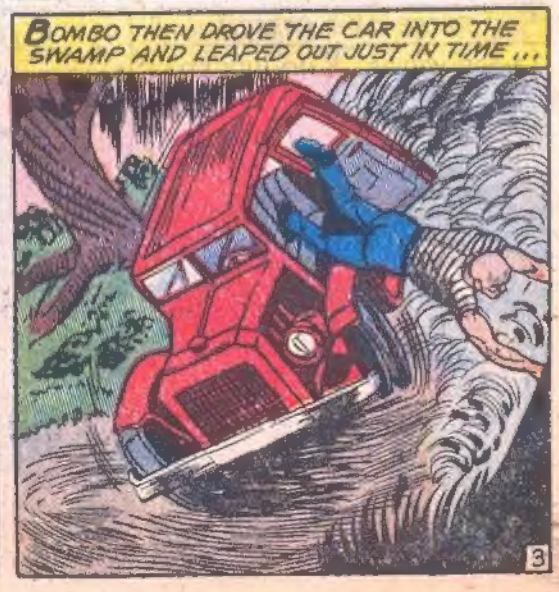
THESE ARE MY RETINUE, LULU AND HER LITTLE PLAYMATE BOMBO. THEY WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR BAGS AND THE CAR. COME INSIDE AND MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE.

YOU WILL STAY HERE FOR A WHILE UNTIL I ARRANGE FOR YOU TO DISAPPEAR COMPLETELY. MAME HAS SENT ME SEVERAL CLIENTS AND I'VE NEVER FAILED.
DON'T MAKE IT TOO LONG, DUCHESS. A TH'RD-RATE FLOP HOUSE WOULD BE BETTER THAN THIS DUMP.

BUT ONCE INSIDE, RILEY WAS ASTOUNDED AS HE GAZED AT THE SUMPTUOUS INTERIOR...
SA-AY! THIS LOOKS MORE LIKE THE WALDORF!
YOU SEE, MR. RILEY, YOU CAN'T TELL ANYTHING FROM THE OUTSIDE. WE HAVE ONLY THE FINEST OF EVERYTHING HERE AND YOU WILL LIVE LIKE A KING.

RILEY RELAXED AS HIS HOSTESS SERVED COCKTAILS...
BOY! REAL HAVANA MAGNIFICOS! JUST THE KIND I LIKE. THIS COCKTAIL IS DELICIOUS!
THEN LET ME OFFER A TOAST TO A PLEASANT STAY. WE ALWAYS ENJOY OUR COMPANY. WE HAD A VISITOR UP TO A FEW DAYS AGO. WE WOULD BE LONESOME WITHOUT YOU.

HEY-YOUR MAN'S TAKING THE TIRES OFF MY CAR-!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT. ALL TRACE OF THE CAR MUST BE DESTROYED, BUT WE CAN SELL THE TIRES. WE DON'T WASTE ANYTHING, YOU KNOW.


BOMBO THEN DROVE THE CAR INTO THE SWAMP AND LEAPED OUT JUST IN TIME...

THE CAR SETTLED FAST INTO THE MUDDY BOG, AND...
...IN A FEW MINUTES, IT COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED!
LULU CAME IN TO ANNOUNCE...
DINNER IS SERVED -
THIS WAY TO THE DINING ROOM, MR. RILEY -
I'M GOOD AND HUNGRY, TOO.
RILEY CONTINUED TO MARVEL AT THE ELEGANCE WHICH SURROUNDED HIM...
BEAUJOLAIS 1929! THIS IS SOME WINE! DUCHESS, IT BEATS ME HOW--
NOTHING BUT THE BEST, AS I TOLD YOU. WE WANT YOU TO ENJOY YOURSELF, BECAUSE WE EXPECT TO GAIN A GREAT DEAL FROM YOU, TOO.
THIS STEAK IS SO TENDER - THE MEAT SO SWEET -
AH, OUR MEATS ARE OUR PRIDE, MR. RILEY. LULU TAKES SPECIAL CARE IN THAT DEPARTMENT.
AND SO THE DAYS PASSED...
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT BECOMING BORED, MR. RILEY.
NO INDEED - NOT LIVING LIKE THIS IN THE LAP OF LUXURY!
IN FACT, YOU'RE FATTENING ME UP. HA! HA!
OH, I'M SO GLAD. I ALWAYS DID LIKE A MAN WITH A BIT OF FAT ON HIM.
SHE'S GETTING TO LIKE ME! I COULD DO WORSE THAN STAY RIGHT HERE - LIVE LIKE THE LORD OF THE MANOR!

LOOK, DUCHESS, YOU'RE A PRETTY SWELL BABE. HOW ABOUT FORGETTING ABOUT THE SOUTH AMERICA DEAL, AND YOU 'AND ME TEAMING UP RIGHT HERE?
WHY, MR. RILEY, - A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE! YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME TIME TO THINK IT OVER -
THEN RILEY LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER ...
HEY - WHAT THE -
I JUST WANT TO ASK, DUCHESS, IF YOU WANT STEAK OR CHOPS FOR DINNER?
WOW - YOU HAD ME SCARED FOR A MINUTE.
WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR FRESH MEAT OUT IN A GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE LIKE THIS?
OH, WE HAVE THE MOST MODERN DEEP FREEZE -
ONCE IN A WHILE, WHEN LEFT ALONE, RILEY PROWLED THE HOUSE...
WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT CLOSET --?
WHEN HE OPENED THE CLOSET DOOR ...
YIII-! SKULLS!!
HA, HA, MR. RILEY, I SEE YOU'VE DISCOVERED MY COLLECTION. MY HOBBY IS ANTHROPOLOGY. HOMO SAPIENS, ESPECIALLY.
HMM - SOME HOBBY!

CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT...

FAT MEN! SKINNY MEN! YOUNG MEN! OLD MEN!

NOW YOU CAN HAVE A MORE POWERFUL LOOKING BODY INSTANTLY!

And Be Stronger From Head to Toe— IN 3 SHORT WEEKS

That's right! Whether you're fat and flabby . . "skinny as a rail" . . young or old whatever your physical appearance may be—now you can look stronger, more powerful, more manly instantly! Yes, in a matter of seconds your stomach is pulled in, chest thrown out, shoulders back, your back straightened . . . your posture improved you look better and feel better at once! And that's only the beginning! You'll actually BE stronger, tougher, more muscular . . . well on your way to having a power-packed HE-MAN BODY in just 3 short weeks! How is all this possible? IT'S EASY!—with the sensational Ronnie double-barreled method of acquiring a he-man appearance Here's all there is to it! First you get the amazing new health supporter belt . .

The CHEVALIER

No matter what you may look like now, the sensational "Chevalier" makes you appear stronger, more masculine the minute you put it on! If you're overweight or have a bulging "old man's" mid-section—"Chevalier" instantly lifts your "bay window", flattens it, and presto! — you look y o u n g e r, slimmer, more athletic! If you are s k i n n y, underpowered, round s h o u l d e r e d — "Chevalier" s t r a i g h t e n s you up, s q u a r e s y o u r shoulders, throws out your chest . . . makes you look taller, straighter, huskier! Yes, the scientifically c o n s t r u c t e d "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most!

It's really great to wear! . . . even all day long! Will not bind or make you feel constricted That's because the Wonder s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the adjustable built-in strap bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control — fits snug at the small of your back. It's made by experts to g i v e you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want! And best of all, you can get the "Chevalier" — PLUS the sensat onal 3 Week Body Building Course —ALL ON 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL!

10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

You risk nothing! Send no money now—just the coupon :Be sure to g i v e waist measurement ! We'll promptly send you the 'Chevalier' plus your FREE Body Building Speed Course"! Pay postman only $3.98 plus postage for your "Chevalier." Try it on . . adjust the belt the way you want see how comfortable you feel how manly you look! Wear it for 10 days! allow the simple Speed Course at the same time—and if at the end of 10 days you sincerely feel that the Chevalier does not help you look and feel like a million return it for full refund The Speed Course is yours to keep in either case, FREE Mail coupon NOW

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My Waist Measure is_____

(Send string the size of waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone_____ State_____

☐ SAVE 65c POSTAGE. Enclose $3.98 now and we pay postage. Same 10-day money-back guarantee.

NOW I KNOW HOW ALL HER CLIENTS DISAPPEARED—AND THERE WAS ONE HERE JUST BEFORE I ARRIVED. NOW I KNOW--THAT SWEET STEAK—UGH!
LULU APPEARED WITH HER CLEAVER ..
YAAH-H!
RILEY TOOK TO HIS HEELS AS BOMBO JOINED THE CHASE AND THE DUCHESS SPURRED THEM ON..
DON'T LET OUR DINNER GET AWAY!
THE TERRIFIED MAN HEADED FOR THE SWAMP
I'VE GOT TO GET OUTA HERE! THE MONEY DOESN'T COUNT NOW - GOTTA GET OUT!
BUT THE OOZY FINGERS OF SLIME EAGERLY CLUTCHED THEIR VICTIM
OW- I'M SINKING!
BOMBO WAS RIGHT BEHIND HIM AND WITH THE AGILITY OF A MONKEY, CLIMBED OUT ON AN OVER-HANGING BRANCH. HE RIPS UP SOME STOUT VINES, AND ..
I'M STUCK - I CAN'T MOVE! I'LL SINK JUST LIKE MY CAR! HELP!

...NEATLY ROPED THE PANICKED MAN AND DRAGGED HIM BACK TO FIRM LAND ..
GOOD HUNTIN' IN SWAMP TODAY.
YOW!
SURELY, YOU DIDN'T THINK WE'D LET THAT UGLY OLD SWAMP EAT YOU UP, DID YOU, MR. RILEY?
EAT - EAT ?! UH - LEMME OUT OF HERE !!
LEMME GO, DUCHESS! LEMME GO! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE DOUGH - THIRTY GRAND!
WHY, MR RILEY, DONT BE NAIVE! I ALREADY HAVE ALL YOUR MONEY - SAFELY TUCKED AWAY.
THE LAST THING RILEY SAW WAS LULU'S AVID FACE, HER LIPS DROOLING AND IN HER UPRAISED HAND THE HEAVY, GLEAMING, RAZOR-SHARP CLEAVER ...
"THAT EVENING, THE DELIGHTFUL LITTLE GROUP SAT DOWN GRATEFULLY TO THEIR SIMPLE EVENING MEAL WITH EXCELLENT APPETITES..!"
SLUP!
AS I ALWAYS SAID, I LIKE A MAN WITH A BIT OF FAT ON HIM.
HEH! HEH! LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU, DEAR READERS! IF YOU'RE LEADING "THE LIFE OF RILEY", - BEWARE! AND DON'T SAY THAT THE NAMELESS ONE DIDN'T WARN YOU. HEH! HEH!
THE END

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs — help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll *feel* and *look* different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in self confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?
Fat and flabby?
Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

GIVEN AWAY

15" high trophy to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through *"Dynamic Tension"* you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body. Watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—*"Dynamic Tension"* will turn the trick for you. No theory so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of *"Dynamic Tension"* almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And *you'll* be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players etc.

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SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what *"Dynamic Tension"* has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 18911 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4½ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."
—Henry Heron, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"
—Stanley Lyne, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest normal) and 2½ inches expanded."
—J. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."
—T. E., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."
—E. H., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."
—J. W., Montana

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 18911
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name_____ Age_____
(Please print or write plainly)

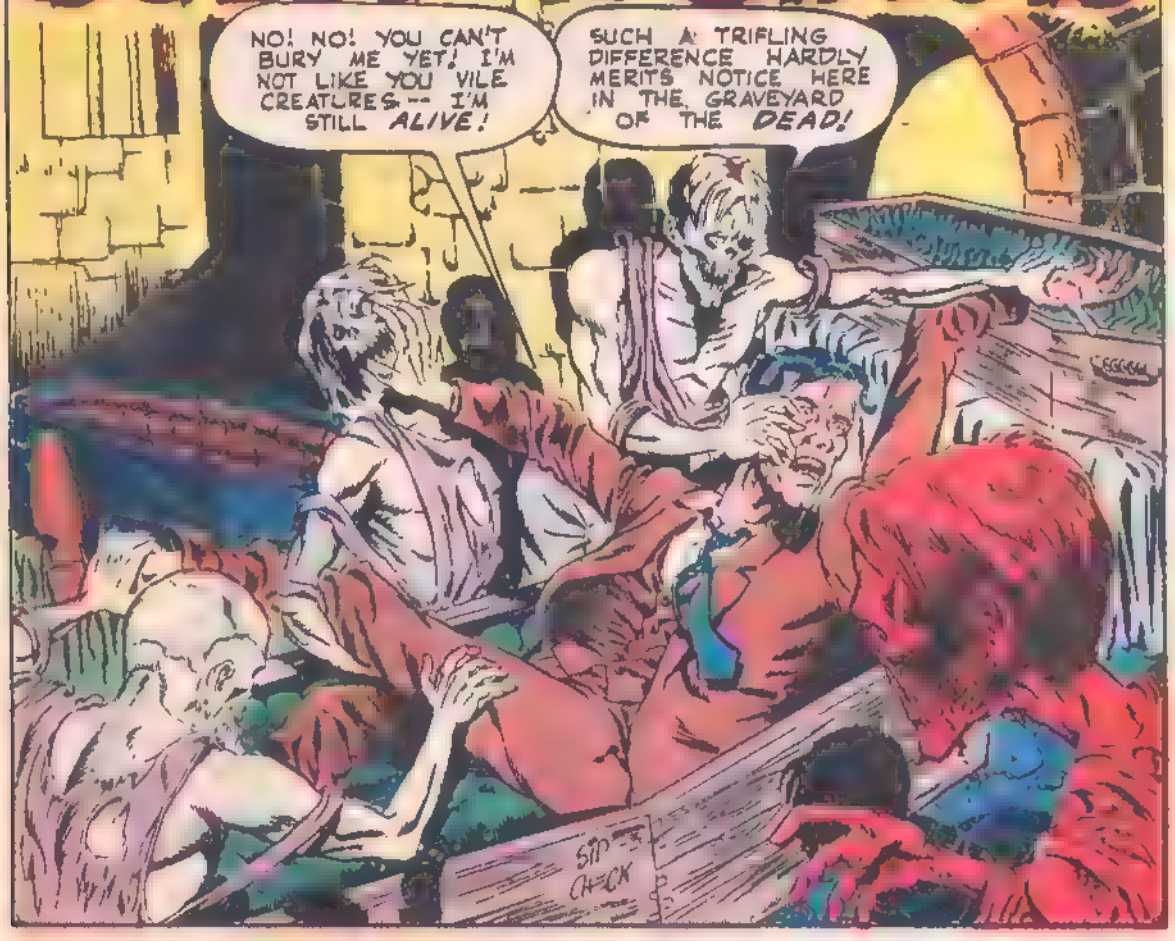
Address_____

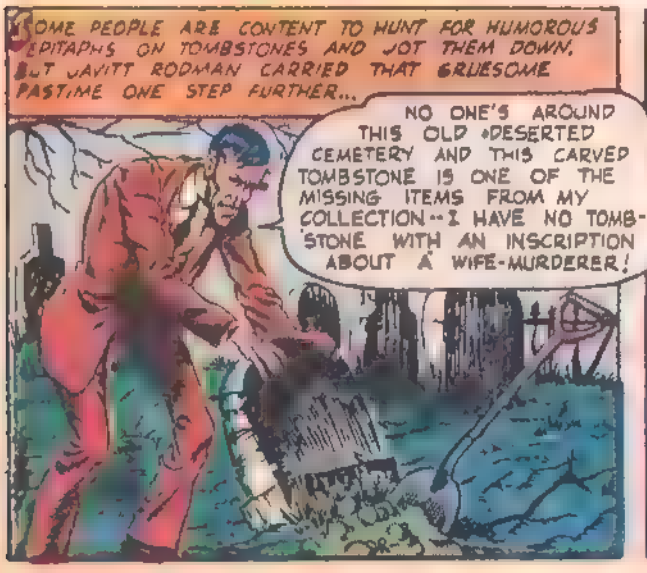
City_____ State_____

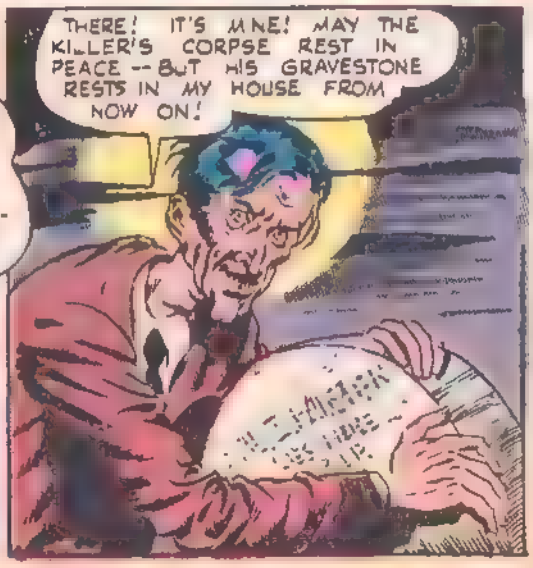
☐ If under 16 years of age check for Booklet A.

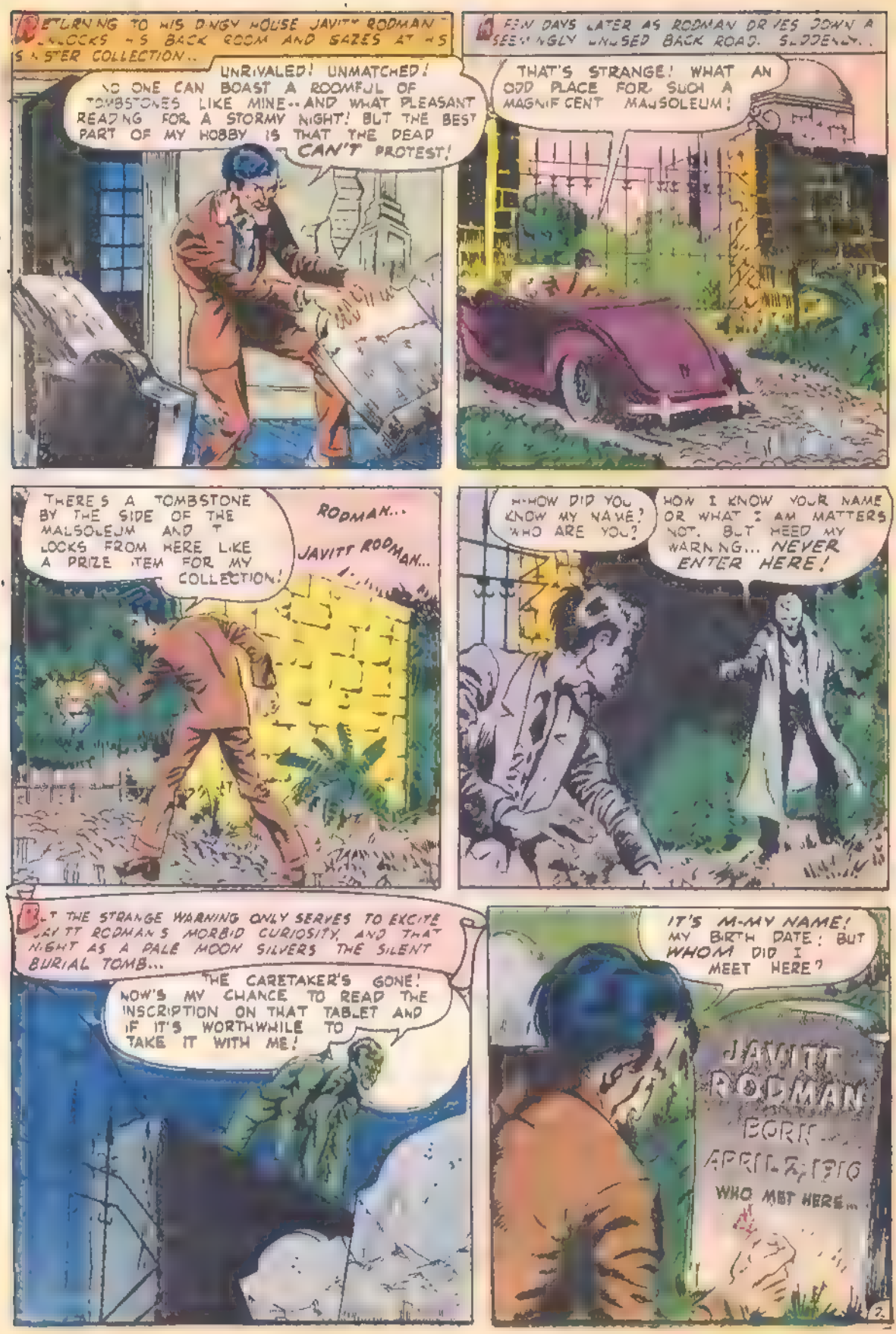
Javitt Rodman had a macabre hobby...he collected tombstones. But he little suspected that one day, he himself might be collected by that grim, terrifying collector from beyond who haunts the final resting places of mouldering bones as a...

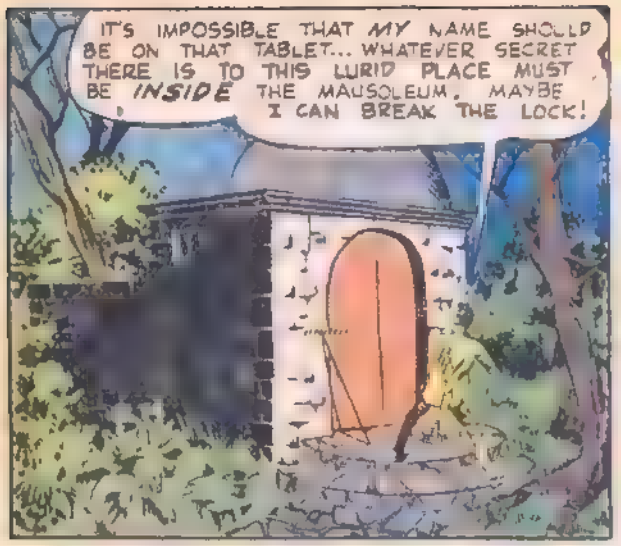
GUEST of the GHOULS

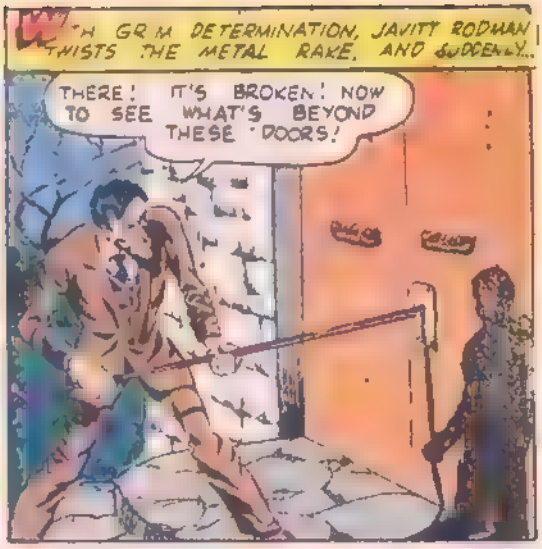


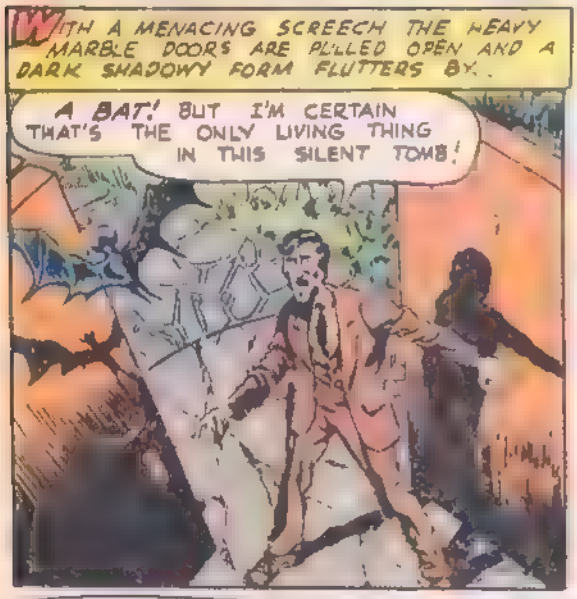





RETURNING TO HIS DINGY HOUSE JAVITT RODMAN UNLOCKS HIS BACK ROOM AND GAZES AT HIS MASTER COLLECTION..
UNRIVALED! UNMATCHED! NO ONE CAN BOAST A ROOMFUL OF TOMBSTONES LIKE MINE--AND WHAT PLEASANT READING FOR A STORMY NIGHT! BUT THE BEST PART OF MY HOBBY IS THAT THE DEAD CAN'T PROTEST!
FEW DAYS LATER AS RODMAN DRIVES DOWN A SEEMINGLY UNUSED BACK ROAD. SUDDENLY..
THAT'S STRANGE! WHAT AN ODD PLACE FOR SUCH A MAGNIFICENT MAUSOLEUM!
THERE'S A TOMBSTONE BY THE SIDE OF THE MAUSOLEUM AND IT LOOKS FROM HERE LIKE A PRIZE ITEM FOR MY COLLECTION!
RODMAN... JAVITT RODMAN...
H-HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME? WHO ARE YOU?
HOW I KNOW YOUR NAME OR WHAT I AM MATTERS NOT. BUT HEED MY WARNING... NEVER ENTER HERE!
BUT THE STRANGE WARNING ONLY SERVES TO EXCITE JAVITT RODMAN'S MORBID CURIOSITY, AND THAT NIGHT AS A PALE MOON SILVERS THE SILENT BURIAL TOMB...
THE CARETAKER'S GONE! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO READ THE INSCRIPTION ON THAT TABLET AND IF IT'S WORTHWHILE TO TAKE IT WITH ME!
IT'S M-MY NAME! MY BIRTH DATE! BUT WHOM DID I MEET HERE?
JAVITT RODMAN BORN... APRIL 7, 1910 WHO MET HERE...
2.


IT'S IMPOSSIBLE THAT MY NAME SHOULD BE ON THAT TABLET... WHATEVER SECRET THERE IS TO THIS LURID PLACE MUST BE INSIDE THE MAUSOLEUM. MAYBE I CAN BREAK THE LOCK!

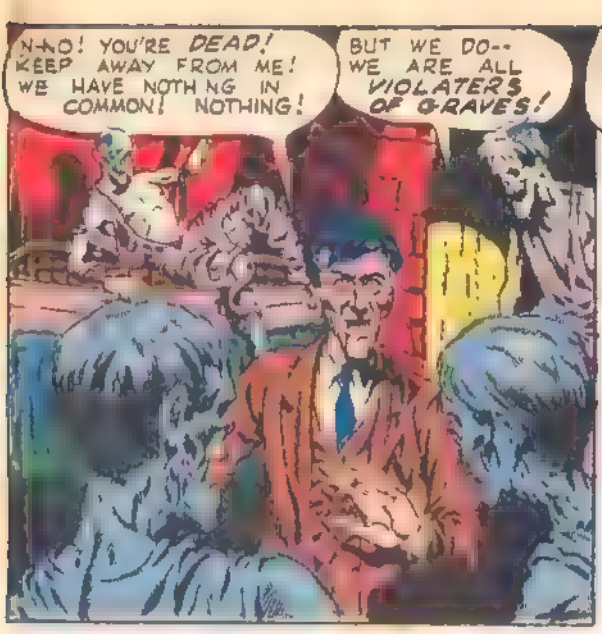

WITH GRIM DETERMINATION, JAVITT RODMAN TWISTS THE METAL RAKE, AND SUDDENLY...
THERE! IT'S BROKEN! NOW TO SEE WHAT'S BEYOND THESE DOORS!

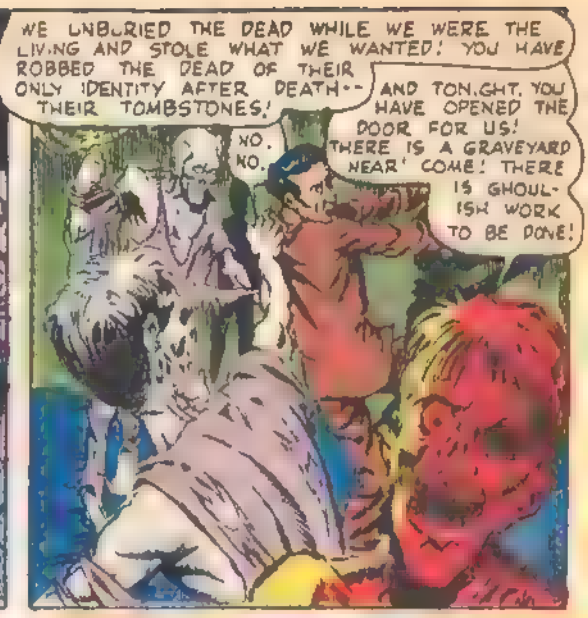

WITH A MENACING SCREECH THE HEAVY MARBLE DOORS ARE PULLED OPEN AND A DARK SHADOWY FORM FLUTTERS BY..
A BAT! BUT I'M CERTAIN THAT'S THE ONLY LIVING THING IN THIS SILENT TOMB!

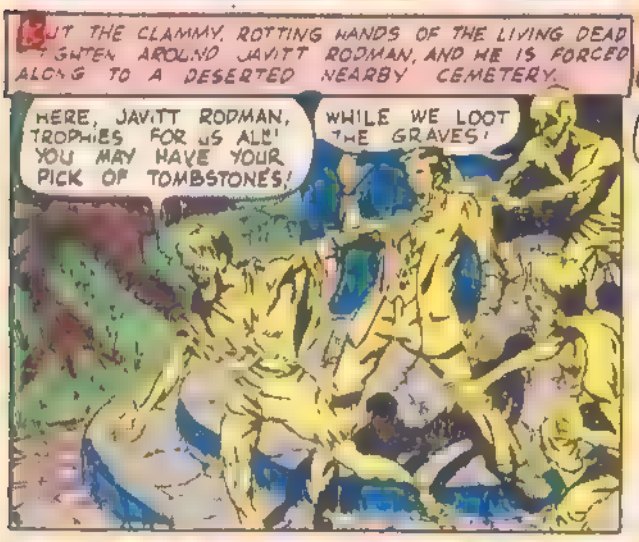
FIVE COFFINS, BUT ONE IS OPEN AND EMPTY!

AND SUDDENLY, BEHIND THE INTRUDER, A GREEN, MOULDERING HAND OF PUTRESCENT FLESH PUSHES BACK A COFFIN COVER...

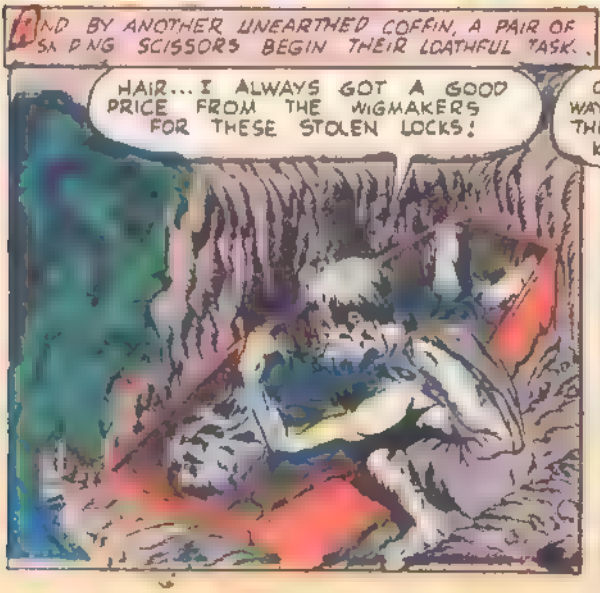
WELCOME, JAVITT RODMAN! WE HAVE LONG BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
YES AFTER ALL, YOU ARE ONE OF US!
3

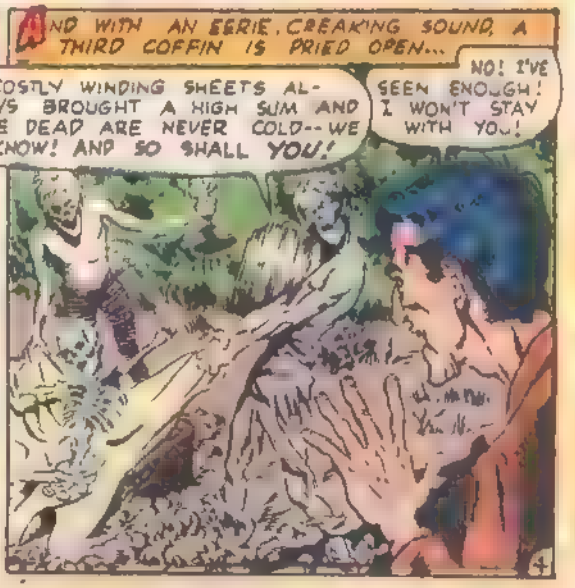

N-NO! YOU'RE DEAD! KEEP AWAY FROM ME! WE HAVE NOTH NG IN COMMON! NOTHING!
BUT WE DO-- WE ARE ALL VIOLATERS OF GRAVES!


WE UNBURIED THE DEAD WHILE WE WERE THE LIVING AND STOLE WHAT WE WANTED! YOU HAVE ROBBED THE DEAD OF THEIR ONLY IDENTITY AFTER DEATH-- THEIR TOMBSTONES!
NO. NO.
AND TONIGHT, YOU HAVE OPENED THE DOOR FOR US! THERE IS A GRAVEYARD NEAR! COME! THERE IS GHOULISH WORK TO BE DONE!

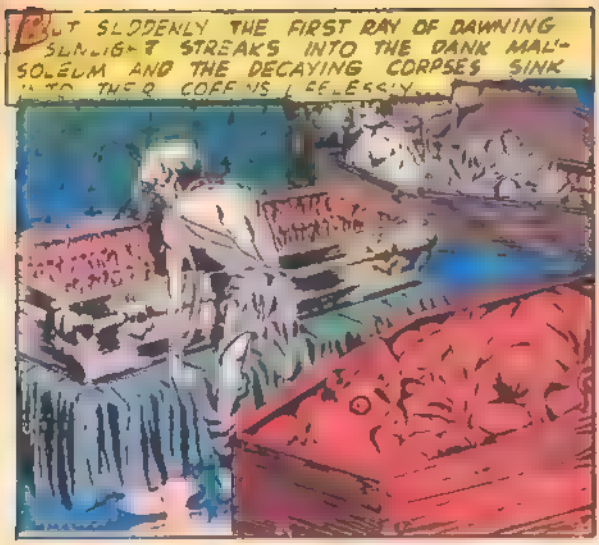

UT THE CLAMMY, ROTTING HANDS OF THE LIVING DEAD TIGHTEN AROUND JAVITT RODMAN, AND HE IS FORCED ALONG TO A DESERTED NEARBY CEMETERY.
HERE, JAVITT RODMAN, TROPHIES FOR US ALL! YOU MAY HAVE YOUR PICK OF TOMBSTONES!
WHILE WE LOOT THE GRAVES!

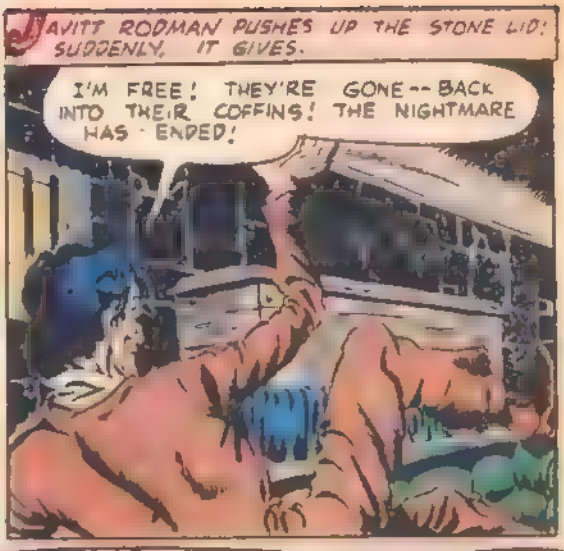
ND AS JAVITT RODMAN STARES IN INCREDULOUS HORROR, THE FANTASTIC CREATURES HE HAS RELEASED, BEGIN THEIR SORDID WORK.
AH! THE LIVING ARE SUCH SENTIMENTAL FOOLS! THEY ALWAYS BURY THEIR DEAD WITH RINGS ON--GOLDEN RINGS!

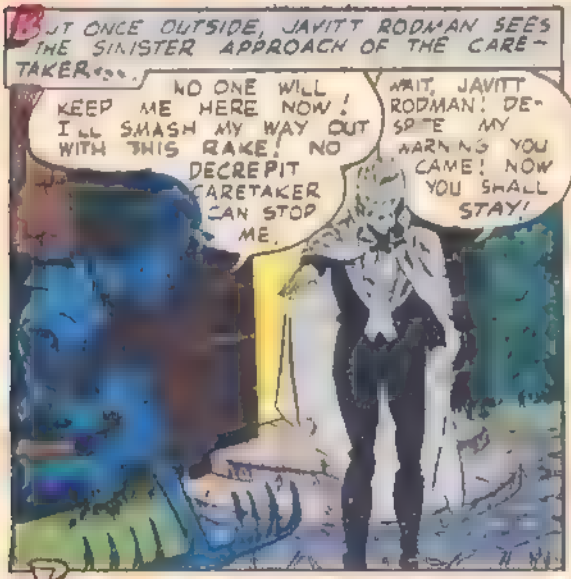

ND BY ANOTHER UNEARTHED COFFIN, A PAIR OF SHINING SCISSORS BEGIN THEIR LOATHFUL TASK.
HAIR... I ALWAYS GOT A GOOD PRICE FROM THE WIGMAKERS FOR THESE STOLEN LOCKS!

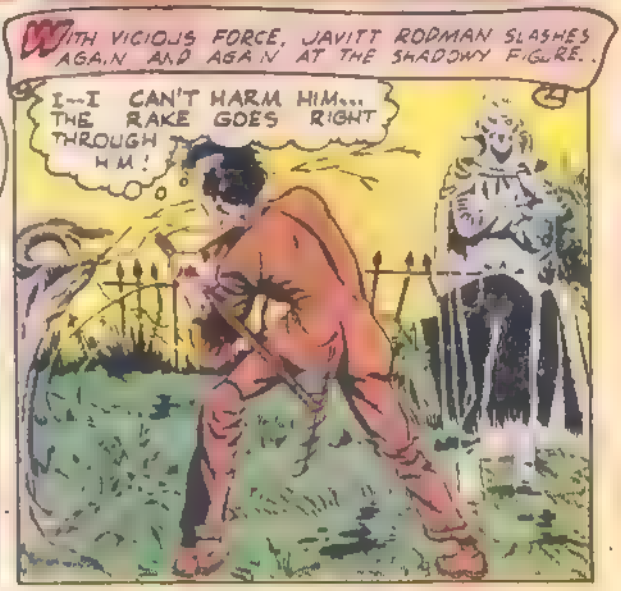

ND WITH AN EERIE, CREAKING SOUND, A THIRD COFFIN IS PRIED OPEN...
COSTLY WINDING SHEETS ALWAYS BROUGHT A HIGH SUM AND THE DEAD ARE NEVER COLD--WE KNOW! AND SO SHALL YOU!
NO! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH! I WON'T STAY WITH YOU!

BUT STRUGGLE IS USELESS, AND AS THE MOON SINKS, JAVITT RODMAN IS DRAGGED BACK TO THE MAUSOLEUM...
LET ME GO! LET ME GO!
COME! BACK TO THE COFFIN WITH US! ONE IS EMPTY--WAITING FOR YOU! EACH NIGHT YOU CAN JOIN OUR GHOULISH RAIDS!
IN WILD DESPERATION JAVITT RODMAN TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF. BUT HE IS HELD IN A DEATH GRIP...
WHY STRUGGLE? YOU ARE LIKE US! YOU HAVE COME TO JOIN US.
WHERE'S THE CARETAKER? IF HE'D ONLY COME, HE'D HELP ME NOW.
THE "CARETAKER" WOULD HELP HIM! FOOL! DON'T YOU KNOW WHO HE IS?
HE IS YOUR ENEMY AND OUR ENEMY! WE ALL HAVE VIOLATED HIS KINGDOM!
NO! STOP! I'M NOT DEAD LIKE YOU! I WANT TO LIVE!
THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM HERE! WE ARE YOUR FRENDS JOIN US THIS COFFIN IS YOURS.
NO! IN THE NAME OF MERCY!--STOP!
WE HAVE SHOWN NO MERCY TO THE DEAD. WHY SHOULD WE SHOW IT TO THE LIVING?
AND AS THE TERRIFIED GRAVE-THIEF IS SHOVED DOWN INTO THE COLD STONE COFFIN, THE HEAVY LID IS PRESSED RELENTLESSLY DOWN.
CAN'T PUSH IT OFF... THERE'LL BE NO AIR IN HERE... I'LL SUFFOCATE!


BUT SUDDENLY THE FIRST RAY OF DAWNING SUNLIGHT STREAKS INTO THE DANK MAUSOLEUM AND THE DECAYING CORPSES SINK INTO THEIR COFFINS LEELESSLY...


JAVITT RODMAN PUSHES UP THE STONE LID! SUDDENLY, IT GIVES.
I'M FREE! THEY'RE GONE -- BACK INTO THEIR COFFINS! THE NIGHTMARE HAS ENDED!


BUT ONCE OUTSIDE, JAVITT RODMAN SEES THE SINISTER APPROACH OF THE CARETAKER...
NO ONE WILL KEEP ME HERE NOW! I'LL SMASH MY WAY OUT WITH THIS RAKE! NO DECREPIT CARETAKER CAN STOP ME.
WAIT, JAVITT RODMAN! DESPITE MY WARNING YOU CAME! NOW YOU SHALL STAY!

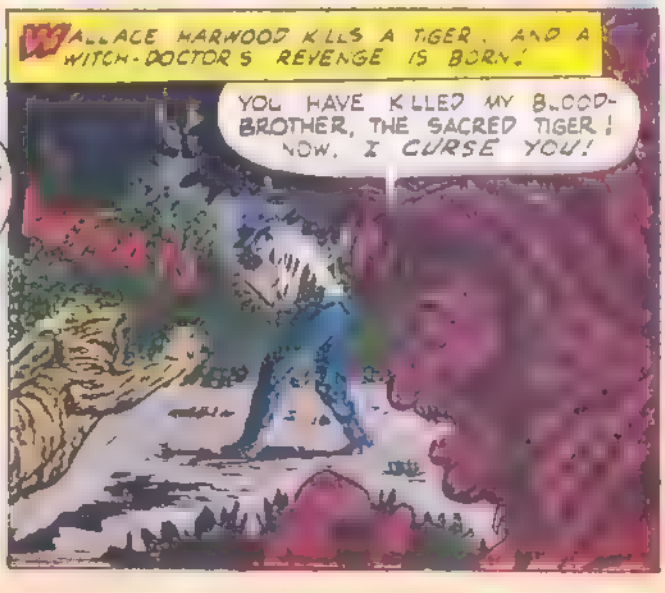

WITH VICIOUS FORCE, JAVITT RODMAN SLASHES AGAIN AND AGAIN AT THE SHADOWY FIGURE.
I--I CAN'T HARM HIM... THE RAKE GOES RIGHT THROUGH H-HIM!

AND SUDDENLY THE CARETAKER'S HAND MAKES A SWEEPING MOTION, AS JAVITT RODMAN SINKS TO THE GROUND...
YOU HAVE VIOLATED MY REALM TOO MANY TIMES! THIS TOMBSTONE YOU SHALL NOT STEAL!

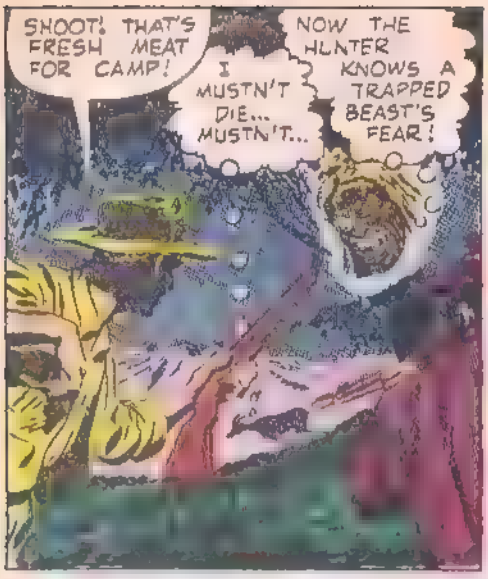
AND ON THE GRAVEN TABLET THE CARETAKER'S BONY HAND WRITES THE LAST WORD OF THE FINAL EPITAPH.
JAVITT
RODMAN
BORN
APRIL 2, 1510
WHO MET HERE...
DEATH

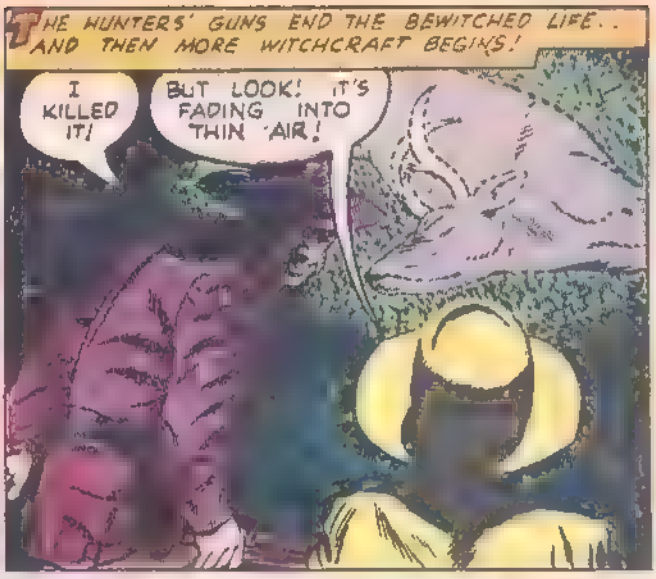
Can a dead man's ghost live in a tiger? Can a tiger's bloody fangs and bullet-pierced head be attached to a man's corpse? Black Witchcraft and ancient devil lore play horrible tricks in the mysterious East when a famous hunter and an infamous witch-doctor exchange...

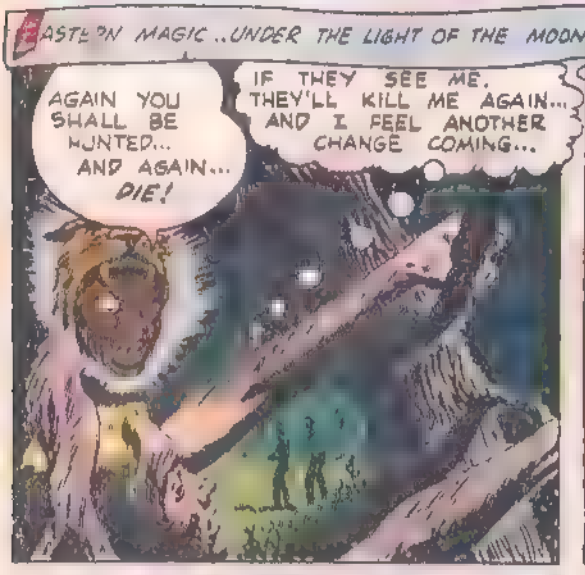
HEADS OF THE DEAD



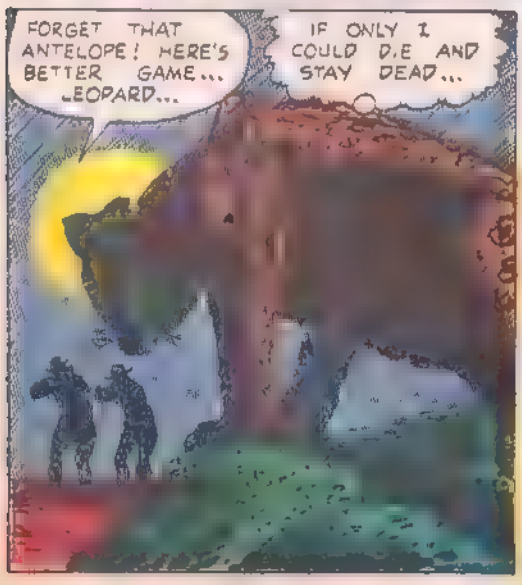
THE HUNTER FROM THE WEST FACES THE EASTERN WITCH-DOCTOR...
NOW, FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OF EVIL SHALL FALL ON YOU!
HA HA! MUMBO-JUMBO! BALDERDASH! HA HA.
SHUT YOUR SILLY MOUTH! ALL I'VE DONE IS KILL A TIGER!
WALLY... YOU NEVER CAN TELL..
KATA RAMU MANDA BATU! KATA...
POW
LET HIM FOAM AT THE MOUTH! TOMORROW WE'LL GO ON TO AFRICA AND LIONS...
KIRI BITU... TIGA TIGA TIGA! KIRI... TIGA!
THAT NIGHT, WALLACE HARWOOD'S DREAMS ARE FULL OF STRANGE VISIONS...
OHHHHHH.. HE'S CURSING ME... AND NOW THE TIGER WILL HUNT ME...
SUDDENLY, A HORRIBLE CHANGE COMES OVER WALLACE HARWOOD'S FACE AND BODY...
CURSE IS COMPLETE. NOW HUNTER SHALL BE HUNTED!
I'M CHANGING... AND I FEEL I'VE GOT TO RUN. OR DIE..
GET YOUR RIFLE, JACK! HERE'S AN ANTELOPE!
GOT TO RUN... THEY MUSN'T KILL ME.. BUT I CAN'T TALK TO TELL THEM WHO I REALLY AM..

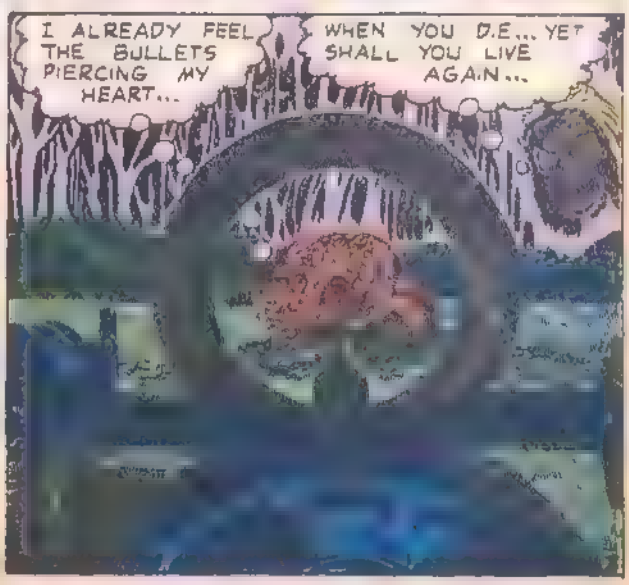

SHOOT! THAT'S FRESH MEAT FOR CAMP!
I MUSTN'T DIE... MUSTN'T...
NOW THE HUNTER KNOWS A TRAPPED BEAST'S FEAR!


THE HUNTERS' GUNS END THE BEWITCHED LIFE.. AND THEN MORE WITCHCRAFT BEGINS!
I KILLED IT!
BUT LOOK! IT'S FADING INTO THIN AIR!


EASTERN MAGIC ..UNDER THE LIGHT OF THE MOON..
AGAIN YOU SHALL BE HUNTED... AND AGAIN... DIE!
IF THEY SEE ME. THEY'LL KILL ME AGAIN... AND I FEEL ANOTHER CHANGE COMING...

MY NAILS ARE NOW CLAWS... MY TEETH ARE FANGS .. MY SKIN SPOTTED...


FORGET THAT ANTELOPE! HERE'S BETTER GAME... LEOPARD...
IF ONLY I COULD D.E AND STAY DEAD...


I ALREADY FEEL THE BULLETS PIERCING MY HEART...
WHEN YOU D.E... YET SHALL YOU LIVE AGAIN...

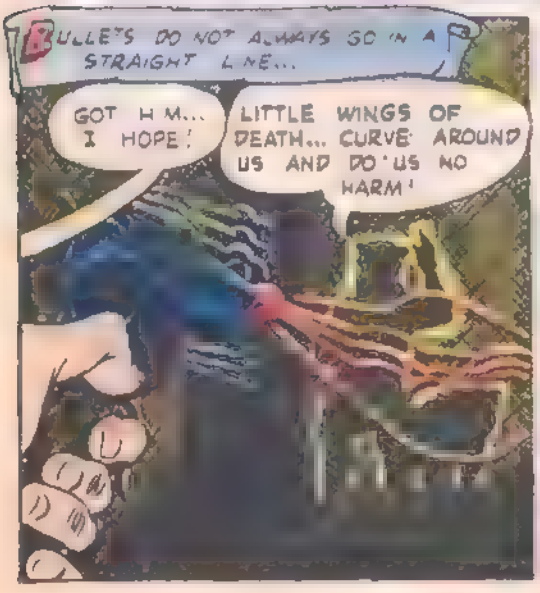
LEOPARD'S DEAD... BUT THIS THING CAN'T BE REAL... IT'S FADING AWAY!
BAM
THERE ARE MORE THINGS POSSIBLE IN MAGIC THAN ANY MAN CAN BELIEVE... OR SHOULD BELIEVE...
AAAAGH! I THOUGHT I SAW WALLY AND THAT WITCH-DOCTOR CHASING HIM!
LET'S GET TO CAMP... I'M AFRAID...
LET US HUNT AGAIN! LET THE WHITE PIG OF A MAN.. BECOME A BLACK PIG!
NO! NO! LET ME DIE QUICKLY..
IF I CHARGE THEM.. THEY'LL KILL ME AND END THIS TORTURE...
RUSH TO YOUR DEATH... AND TOMORROW'S LIFE OF FEAR! HAHAHAHA!
WILD PIG! RUN FOR CAMP...
I'M DEAD... AND YET I'M ALIVE...
AS THE MOON GOES DOWN.. THE MAGIC SEEMS TO END...
I WAS ONLY A WITCHCRAFT PIG... NOW I AM A HUMAN AGAIN, I CAN HUNT THAT WITCH-DOCTOR AND KILL HIM!
WALLY.. IS IT YOU... OR YOUR GHOST...?

WITH THE DAWN, THE STILL ALIVE HUNTER VOWS REVENGE...
FORGET THE MADNESS THAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT... TODAY I'M GOING TO SHOOT ME A WITCH-DOCTOR!
WALLY... LISTEN TO REASON.

MY BULLETS ARE STRONGER THAN HIS MAGIC! HE KILLED ME THREE TIMES LAST NIGHT... ALL I WANT IS TO SHOOT THAT WITCH-DOCTOR JUST ONCE.

THE WITCH-DOCTOR HAS NO GUNS.. BUT HE HAS DEADLIER AND STRANGER AMMUNITION.
MY DEAD BROTHER... STRIPED BROTHER!... COME BACK TO ME.

COME... LET US HUNT THE ONE WHO KILLED YOU!


BULLETS DO NOT ALWAYS GO IN A STRAIGHT LINE...
GOT HIM... I HOPE!
LITTLE WINGS OF DEATH... CURVE AROUND US AND DO US NO HARM!

THAT STRIPED SHADOW CAN'T BE A TIGER... I'LL KILL THAT WITCH DOCTOR WITH MY BARE HANDS!
WAIT... SOON WE SHALL HUNT, MY STRIPED BEAUTY!

CAN A DEAD TIGER HUNT A LIVE MAN...?
AIII! MAYBE IT'S NOT REAL... BUT IT'S TRUE! TIGER...
WALLY HARWOOD RUSHES STRAIGHT INTO A WAITING, SPEAR-STUDDED ELEPHANT PIT...
NOW THE LIVING SHALL DIE AND THE DEAD SHALL LIVE!
KILL! KILL!
AAAGH!
WHEN THE LIVING DIE, THE HIDDEN GHOST APPEARS...
TIGER SHALL FADE... AND GHOST OF MAN NOW GOES TO MEET TIGER! REVENGE IS COMPLETE!
POP
LATER IN THE MORNING...
TERRBLE! HORRIBLE! LET'S BURY HIM AND LEAVE THIS COUNTRY...
WHO KILLS THE SACRED TIGER, KILLS HIMSELF! SO BE IT!
THROUGH ALL ETERNITY, THE GHOST OF THE TIGER SHALL FEED ON THE GHOST OF THE MAN WHO KILLED HIM...
EAT WELL FOREVER, MY STRIPED BEAST! EAT!

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AUTHENTIC REPLICA OF ORIGINAL "SWEDISH SINGING ANGELS" CENTERPIECE

MAGIC-LIKE EFFECT
Heat from lighted candles makes angels revolve continuously. When wands strike bells you hear pleasant musical chimes.

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• *Here this!* That beautiful, whirling, chiming table Candelabra you've seen and admired at prices up to $5 and $10 in the finest shops. Now, for the first time, you can have this lovely decorative centerpiece in your home, yours to own and enjoy for only $1.98 complete with 3 tapered-tip candles. All the authentic styling of famed Swedish craftsmen is faithfully reproduced in this enchanting "Singing Angels" replica.

• You, your family and friends will rejoice in the charm and beauty which this decorative innovation brings to your home. Everyone who comes into your home will be fascinated by the gentle whirling action of the Herald Angels as the heat from the lighted candles cause them to revolve 'round and 'round for hours. Your cares and burdens will vanish under the soothing, relaxing influence of the church like musical chimes as the angel wands continuously strike golden-toned bells during the revolving action. The effect is truly breathtaking. Lighted candles — revolving angels — soft chiming bells — all combine to provide unequalled beauty, peace and contentment for your home and for all who enter it.

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Hurry! — With labor and material costs going up every day, our low offer price may soon be withdrawn. Order now while there's still time.

SMALL COUPON TODAY

THE DEVIL SHARES A BODY

THROUGHOUT the long, unusually hot summer of 1919, in the fog-bound, war-wrecked city of Cherbourg, two men fought viciously for the right to dwell in the same body.

Up until September 26, 1918, on the fifth day of the second battle of the Argonne, the body, six-feet-two, gray-eyed and blond, belonged to Roger Menot, an artillery captain. A shell from a German 77 knocked out the battery where he was fighting. Menot, wounded, was flung into the air by the blast and fell heavily against the steel hub of a field piece. Then an infantry unit from the German lines rushed the shattered position and for three hours, while the evil tides of war swept over him, the Frenchman's body lay senseless in the mud.

At the hospital, there was nothing to identify him; even the insignia of rank was gone. The mended body that left the Cherbourg hospital in the spring of 1918 was discharged as an amnesia case. But it was more than that. It was the body of a man whose mind was as wholly dedicated to evil as Roger Menot had been honest and devout. For six months, submerged in the memories of hate and blood, the injured twisted mind within the captain's skull had fought to keep life in the broken body. It summoned to the battle all the wild, primitive forces that lie buried at the back of every mind, however civilized. And gradually, they gained the upper hand.

The man who lived in Menot's body limped across the cobblestoned waterfront—unclean, unshaven, half-drunk and utterly without moral scruple. He called himself Jacques Wazemmes. His days he spent snoring in the foggy sunshine; at night he roused enough to engage in begging, or drinking.

Inside of a week, the last of his army pay was gone and his horizon-blue uniform was stenched with mildew from sleeping on the docks. But the situation called for no great amount of thought. As a fat merchant closed his shop for the night and started down the darkening street with a leather cash bag under his arm, the soldier-derelict poised himself in a doorway, one hand gripping a belaying pin. The merchant's shadow approached the door; Wazemmes swung the weapon above his head.

Suddenly a voice cried, "Look out, monsieur! Robbery!"

The fat merchant jolted to a halt, then turned and scuttled back the way he had come.

Wazemmes stood bewildered, one hand clapped across his mouth. The warning cry had come from his own throat!

Shaken by a nameless terror, he lowered the stick to the ground. At the back of his head there was an insistent pounding, almost like the hand of an authoritative man demanding entrance at a closed door.

But this was only the beginning of Roger Menot's fight to regain his body. At every turn, Wazemmes found his petty pilfering and begging restrained by a nervous force that usually began with a sudden, severe headache.

And with this discovery, he noted something else: crime acted as a buffer. After he had successfully fingered a man's purse, the commanding voice was quiet for a long time, evidently too shocked for words. He began to dream of a knockout punch,

one dreadful act that would so horrify that voice it would be stilled forever.

The pounding within his head became more and more insistent. In August, he returned to the military hospital seeking some relief for his headaches. To the hard-headed physicians there, he tried to stammer out his wild story. "Someone," he stoutly maintained, "is trying to crowd me out. Someone is trying to take over my body!"

"Drunk," one doctor said scornfully, in recommending treatment. Another was sufficiently interested to record his babblings and to wonder if he might not be a hypnosis victim. That night, Wazemmes slept in one of the beds in the hospital's public ward. His head was splitting, he complained. The nurse gave him a sleeping powder.

Through the night he lay rigid in the hard cot, fighting, sleepless. In the morning, the drug had worn off and he sat up wildly in the pale gray light of dawn. At the end of the ward, the male orderly who was on night duty sat hunched over his desk, sound asleep. Beside him was a water carafe, the bottle of sleeping tablets, and a phial of iodine.

Suddenly, all of Wazemmes' primitive fear and hatred became concentrated on this white-jacketed orderly. It was here in this very hospital that his troubles had started. Here he would end them.

Without disturbing the sleeping orderly, he emptied the bottle of veronal and the iodine into the thermos jug at his elbow. For a moment he stood, looking down into the water, watching the clear liquid become murky with poison. Then he returned to his cot. His headache was gone, the voice behind his head was still.

At six o'clock, the hospital sprang to life. Just as the night orderly rose, yawned and reached for the water jug, Wazemmes opened his eyes. From his lips rose a warning scream, "Don't! Don't drink! It's poison!" But the orderly grinned tolerantly, waved him off and downed the water.

In an agony of despair, Wazemmes, urged by some strange power, dashed down the aisle of cots and plunged through a window two stories to the ground.

The man who awoke in the prison hospital was Roger Menot, calmly lucid and intelligent. Through months of struggle he had driven out the evil forces in his mind, and aided by the convulsive death-leap of Wazemmes he had moved back into the body that was rightfully his.

As Menot told his story in court, jurists and spectators sat spellbound. The most important doctors in France took the stand to plead for his pardon.

In simple, convincing language the doctors explained what had happened. Roger Menot, honest, upright and intelligent, was dying. As he fought for life, he saw evil everywhere triumphant and the good and virtuous dying like flies. His shattered, injured mind reasoned feverishly that if he, too, were evil, he, too, might live. And when his body did miraculously mend, his mind had clung even more stubbornly to this conclusion. Roger Menot could remember everything that had happened when he was Jacques Wazemmes, but his stubborn mind had insisted on going its own way. However, like a man under a spell, Wazemmes could not do anything that was against the code of Roger Menot without the previous owner of the body putting up a fight.

Incredulous, but convinced, the stern French jurist set him free. It was no mistake. Menot had a firm grip, now, on his mind and body. He lived to do honor to France as a scientist at the Institute of Technology, and to die for her again in the forces of the French Resistance.

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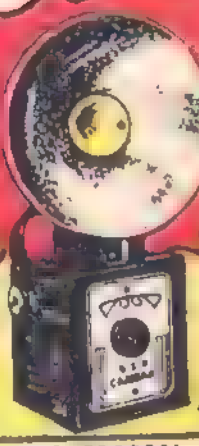

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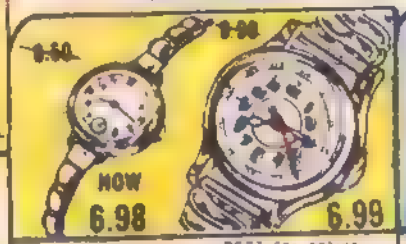

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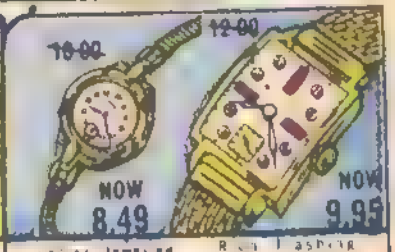

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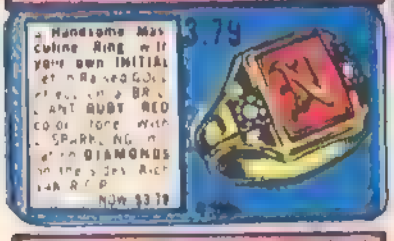

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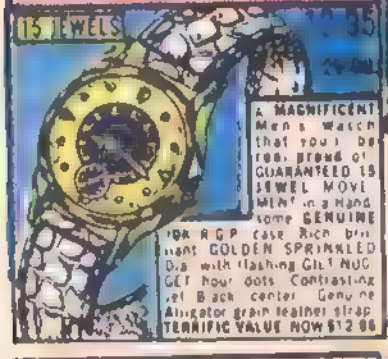

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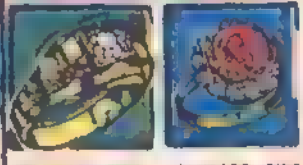

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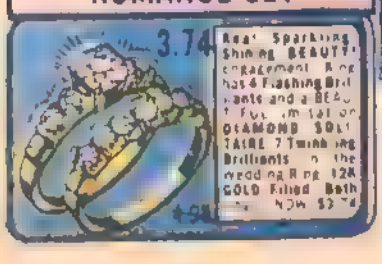
ROMANCE SET



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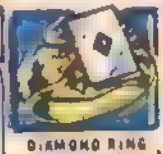

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BEWARE—THE CLUTCH OF THE BLACK DEATH

A FEW CENTURIES AGO, WHEN THE WORLD WAS STEEPED IN IGNORANCE AND SUPERSTITION, A DREADFUL PLAGUE SWEPT ACROSS ALL EUROPE, MOWING DOWN MILLIONS WITH ITS FOETID ODOR OF DEATH. IN THE CITY OF **PARIS**, CITIZENS DIED LIKE FLIES, THEIR BODIES FLUNG INTO THE STREETS TO BE PICKED UP BY THE WAGON WHICH COLLECTED THE CORPSES...

HEE! HEE!— YOU WONDER WHO I AM, EH? WELL, I'M THE **BLACK DEATH!** NO MATTER HOW YOU TRY, YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME! MY BONY TALONS WILL GET YOU, NO MATTER WHERE YOU FLEE—AND I'LL DRAG YOU INTO THE CHARNEL HOUSE WITH THE REST OF THE MOULDERING SKELETONS! **HEE! HEE!!**

MAKE WAY FOR THE DEAD! MAKE WAY FOR THE DEAD—!!

CLANG CLANG

INSIDE THE STRICKEN CITY, TWO YOUNG LOVERS FIND THEMSELVES ALONE AND FILLED WITH FEAR...

OH, MICHEL, WHAT SHALL WE DO? ALL OUR RELATIVES ARE DEAD OF THE PLAGUE. WE ARE ALONE!

COURAGE, DENISE. WE MUST LIVE FOR EACH OTHER. WE WILL FIND A WAY.

WE MUST LEAVE THIS ACCURSED CITY AND SEEK OUR FUTURE IN A NEW HOME.

I LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART, MICHEL. I WILL OBEY YOU AND FOLLOW WHEREVER YOU LEAD.

BUT AT THE CITY GATES THEY FIND THEIR WAY BARRED..
WE HAVE ORDERS TO LET NOBODY LEAVE THE CITY. THEY MIGHT SPREAD THIS DEVIL'S PLAGUE TO OTHER PARTS OF THE LAND.
BUT WE MUST GO - WE MUST!
ORDERS ARE ORDERS. IF YOU TRY TO PASS, WE WILL BE FORCED TO KILL YOU. THEN YOU WILL BE JUST AS DEAD AS IF THE PLAGUE GOT YOU.
OH!
THE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE WALK DISCONSOLATELY BACK INTO THE DESERTED CITY STREETS...
MICHEL - WE ARE DOOMED!
I MUST THINK OF SOMETHING - SOME WAY - -
THEIR AIMLESS STEPS TAKE THEM PAST THE FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL WHERE A STATELY FUNERAL PROCESSION WENDS ITS WAY INTO THE VAULTED INTERIOR. THEY STOP FOR A MOMENT TO QUESTION.
THOSE OBSEQUIES MUST BE FOR A PERSON OF GREAT RANK. WHO IS IT?
THE DAUGHTER OF THE DUC DE SAINT VALLIER DIED THIS MORNING. SHE WAS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL.
EVEN SO, THE ORDER IS THAT ALL CORPSES MUST BE DISPOSED OF IMMEDIATELY. THE KING HIMSELF SIGNED IT.
YES, BUT BY A SPECIAL DISPENSATION HER BODY IS TO BE SHIPPED DOWN THE RIVER TO ARGENTEUIL FOR BURIAL. IT GOES AT NINE TONIGHT.
DENISE! I HAVE A PLAN - SUCH A TERRIBLE ONE THAT I SHUDDER WHEN I THINK OF IT! BUT LISTEN - HERE IT IS - -
2

DENISE BLANCHES AS SHE HEARS MICHEL UNFOLD HIS IDEA, BUT SHE AGREES . . .

ALL RIGHT, MICHEL. IT'S HORRIBLE BUT IT SEEMS OUR ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE.

SO, LATE THAT AFTERNOON, THE YOUNG COUPLE FURTIVELY SLINK INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE LOFTY CATHEDRAL, CARRYING AN EMPTY SACK

NO ONE IS AROUND - THEY ARE ALL FEARFUL OF ONE WHO DIED OF THE PESTILENCE.

WE MUST WORK QUICKLY!

WHILE DENISE WATCHES FOR GUARDS OR ANY OTHER INTERRUPTION, MICHEL UNSCREWS THE WOODEN CASKET TOP . . .

THESE SCREWS COME LOOSE EASILY. SO FAR, SO GOOD.

IT TAKES BUT A MINUTE TO REMOVE THE CORPSE OF THE DEAD GIRL FROM ITS RESTING PLACE . .

UG! GOOD THING SHE'S NOT HEAVY

HURRY, MICHEL, SOMEBODY MAY COME BACK -

INTO THE SACK SHE GOES. SO MUCH FOR THAT! NOW - -

COME, MY DEAR! BE BRAVE, DARLING ALL WILL COME OUT ALL RIGHT.

NO! NO! MICHEL, I CANNOT !!

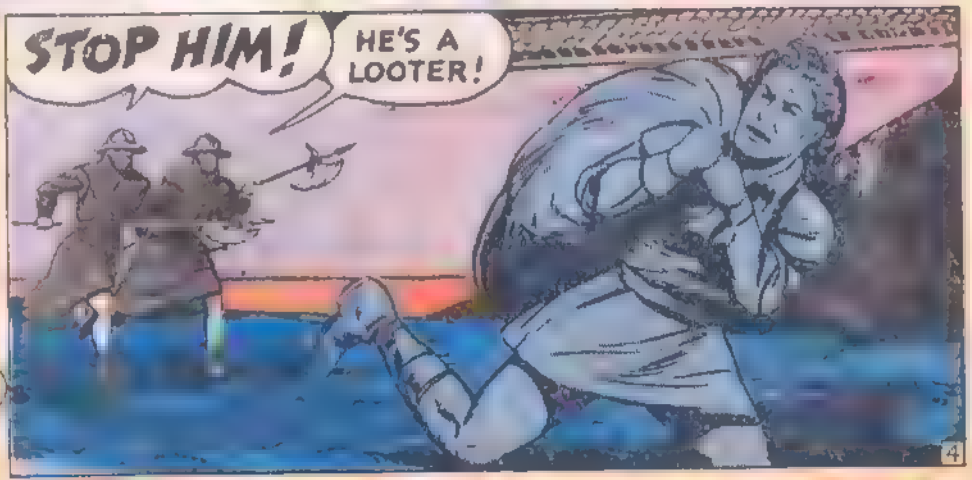
NEARLY SWOONING WITH TERROR, DENISE SUMMONS UP ENOUGH NERVE TO GET INTO THE COFFIN ...

MICHEL LOOSELY SCREWS THE TOP BACK ON ...

THEN, SHOULDERING HIS SACK WITH ITS GRUESOME CONTENTS, HE SLIPS THROUGH THE GLOOMY AISLES AND OUT OF THE CATHEDRAL ...

BUT, AS HE ROUNDS A CORNER, BAD LUCK LEADS HIM ACROSS THE PATH OF THE CITY GUARDS ...

HIS HEART POUNDING IN TERROR, MICHEL GRIPS THE SACK AND TAKES TO HIS HEELS OVER THE UNEVEN COBBLES OF THE OLD STREET...



AS MICHEL FLEES FOR HIS LIFE, THE OMINOUS CALL OF THE CHARNEL-WAGON COMES FROM NEARBY AND THE BELL TOLLS ITS CALL OF DEATH...

FACED WITH THIS SPINE-CHILLING REMINDER OF THE PESTILENCE, THE GUARDS COWER BACK, FEARFUL OF CONTAMINATION...

MICHEL MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE AND GOES THROUGH TWISTING ALLEYS UNTIL HE COMES INTO THE YARD OF AN OLD MANSION...

MICHEL HURRIEDLY MAKES HIS WAY TO THE BANKS OF THE SEINE, WHERE A BOAT IS LOADING...

HE MINGLES WITH THE LABORERS AND GOES ABOARD...

LURKING IN A DARK CORNER, MICHEL WATCHES AS THE BOAT PUTS OFF FROM THE QUAI...

MICHEL SEARCHES THE CARGO BELOW DECK...

HE STUMBLES FRANTICALLY AMONG THE CRATES AND BARRELS, SEARCHING FOR THE WOODEN BOX HOLDING DENISE...

HE DUCKS INTO THE SHADOWS AS TWO BOATMEN APPROACH...

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, A FORM SLIPS FROM THE BOAT AND IS SWALLOWED UP IN THE MURKY WATERS.

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I TRAINED THESE MEN

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GOOD JOB WITH STATION

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$10 TO $15 WEEK SPARE TIME

"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to service Radios . . . averaged $10 to $15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Weyde, Brooklyn, New York.

AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Bohmen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often call back to NRI textbooks for information."

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make $5, $10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

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NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

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